

The Litchfield Enquirer

Dedicated to Local and General Intelligence, and the Interests of Litchfield County.

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BY CHARLES ADAMS AND H. E. BETTS.

TERMS.

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subscribers, in advance, per week, \$1 50

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Fourteen lines or less—1, 2 or 3 weeks, \$1 00

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the money to secure insertion.

WOLCOTT INSTITUTE.

The Winter Session of this School com-

mences NOVEMBER 3d, to continue 21 weeks.

A few day pupils can be received.

The Rector presumes that it is unnecessary to enu-

merate the advantages enjoyed by his pupils, for intel-

lectual and moral cultivation; or to specify what efforts

will be made by him and his assistants, to render those

entrusted to his care, thorough and accomplished in the

several branches of education, which their plans for life

may indicate as most essential.

For circulars, please address

D. G. WRIGHT, Rector.

Litchfield, Oct. 11, 1858.

GEORGE A. HICKOX, Attorney at Law.

Office in East street, directly opposite the

Congregational church, Litchfield, Conn.

HOLISTER & BREMAN, Attorneys and Coun-

sellors at Law. Frederick D. Breman, Com-

missioner of Deeds for the State of New York. Office

in Seymour's Building, South street, Litchfield, Conn.

E. W. SEYMOUR, Attorney and Counsellor

at Law, Litchfield, Conn.

DENTISTRY.

DR. E. W. BLAKE would call the at-

tention of his patrons to his superior

skill in filling Teeth with pure gold,

which renders further decay next to impossible.

He would also ask them to look at his superior

Single Gum Teeth; also to his Premium Continu-

ous Gum Teeth—the best in use.

The strictest attention given, as usual, to the care-

ful yet expeditious Extraction of Teeth with or with-

out the use of Chloroform, Ether and other benumi-

ng agents.

Business hours from 8 o'clock A. M. to 6 o'clock

P. M. Office in the first building south of the Man-

sion House, (up stairs).

Sixteen years in the business—thirteen in Litch-

field, Conn.

Litchfield, August 1, 1858.

E. CROSSMAN, Successor to C. M. HOOKER,

Dentist

Office in South street, over the Post-Office.

All operations on the Teeth carefully performed,

and warranted to give entire satisfaction.

I have endeavored to satisfy myself as to the skill

of Mr. Edward Crossman as a dental practitioner,

and think I can safely recommend him to the citi-

zens of Litchfield County as one who merits their

confidence and patronage. C. M. HOOKER.

Hartford, Conn., August 10, 1857.

R. MERRIMAN,

HAS just returned from New York with an as-

sortment of

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

Spectacles, from 25 cents to \$10 the pair.—Plated

Butter-Knives, Spoons, Forks, Sewing-Birds and

Napkin Rings, Violinello Strings, Violin Strings,

Brasses, Saws, Tall-Boards and Rosin Violin Bows,

and Tuning Forks, and Clarinet Reeds, and vari-

ous Articles too numerous to mention, at the low-

est prices.

Litchfield, May 18, 1857.

LITCHFIELD BANK.

THE Hon. WILLIAM W. BROWN, a Judge of

the Supreme Court of Errors of the State of

Connecticut hath limited and appointed four months

from the 1st day of December, A. D. 1858, for the

creditors of the Litchfield Bank to present their re-

spective claims to the undersigned, who have been

appointed by said Judge Receivers of the effects and

property of said Bank.

The undersigned, therefore, hereby notify the

creditors of said Litchfield Bank to present their

claims against the same to them, the Receivers, at

Litchfield or Hartford, within the time limited

and allowed as herein stated.

FRANCIS E. HARRISON, Receivers,

ABRAHAM CATLIN, Receivers,

Litchfield, Conn., Nov. 22d, 1858.

HENRY A. HULL

WOULD announce to the citizens of Litchfield

and vicinity, that after an absence of ten

years, he has returned for the purpose of prosecut-

ing the TAILORING BUSINESS in all its branches,

and trusts that by a faithful attention to business, he

shall merit the confidence and share in the patron-

age of the public.

Particular attention paid to the cutting of

JUVENILE DRESS.

Thanking old friends for their kind demon-

stration in his behalf, he invites them, and all in need

of work in his line, to call at his rooms over the

post office in South street.

Litchfield, Oct. 20, 1858.

RIVERUS MARSH'S

PERMANENT

Black Writing Ink.

IS WARRANTED NOT TO MOULD OR DECAY.

It flows freely from the pen, and is of a beauti-

ful Black color.

Merchandise supplied on short notice at the low-

est prices. Address RIVERUS MARSH,

28 Litchfield, Conn.

Retailed by F. D. McNeil and Moulthrop & Co.

CLOTHING.

A LARGE and splendid stock of READY MADE

CLOTHING of all styles and qualities, cheap-

er than ever. Superior styles of Youth's and Child-

ren's Clothing kept constantly on hand, at

T. H. RICHARD'S Clothing Emporium,

West street.

Flour! Flour! Flour!!!

WHEAT Flour, Rye Flour, Buckwheat Flour,

Corra Meal and Provender, fresh ground, at

A. C. SMITH & Co.'s.

Litchfield.

CHAMBERS'S Shaving, Hair-Cutting and Wig-

making Rooms—under the Mansion House,

Litchfield.

LADIES' large size, broad, easy, good Shoes,

of all kinds and Rubbers, cheap for cash, at

Clock's.

From the Home Journal.
TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Poems and critics spurned thy pages,
Thy household phrase, thy homely words,
Nor deemed they that through after ages,
In harmonies and sweet accords,
Thy song should echo from immortal bowers,
Filling the happiest circles of the hours.

Oh gentle Wordsworth! wise and tender,
The deep lakes loved thee, and the dells;
And heath-flowers purple, violets slender,
Shook fairy music from their bells.
Parting their dewy lips at sight of thee,
Oblivious of the low hum of the bee.

And in their coolest grotto the fountains
Leapt up to kiss the wandering feet;
And shadows of the brown old mountains,
With sunlight glimpses shy and fleet,
Hovered above thee, blending with thy sleep—
The pine forgot to sigh, the elm to weep.

All woodland sounds were thine; all voices,
All echoes hid in glen or grove,
When nature's throbbing heart rejoices
In holiest ecstasies of love.
Fell in sweet minstrelsy upon thine ears,
Mixed with the music of the rolling spheres.

The sounding sea, his billows crested,
Uphaving, heard an undertone
Deeper than his, and listening, rested
On pebbly benches in caverns lone.
To catch the harpings of a minstrel hand,
That, like a trident, shook his wildest strand.

And shadowy ships, like sea-birds winging
Their restless flight from wave to wave,
Homeward their sails and spires bringing,
Or loving o'er a sunless grave,
Wanted and tossed amid the roughening gales,
If breath of thine but chanced to touch their sails.

Old ministers, to the midnight kneeling
The requiem of earth's fairest flowers;
Din church-yards to the mourner telling
Of golden crowns, celestial powers—
Thrilled their best meanings in the pulses strong
That lived and throbbed in thy enraptured song.

Poet of eighty winters honied,
Sleep by the lakes—'mid the hills,
Where wave and forest tell thy glory,
Where heaven's freshest dews distill;
While countless generations come and go,
Sleep while the ocean rolls—the rivers flow. C. H. H.

THE STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM.

The passage of the Inebriate Asylum bill by the State Senate on Monday last, is deserving of more than the brief passing notice given to it in the official report of the legislative proceedings. The peculiarly novel and benevolent character of the institution to be benefited by the passage of this bill, demands some attention at our hands.

In the year 1835, a number of gentlemen of this city, impressed with the importance of doing something for the inebriate—an unfortunate for whom there is no refuge, no hospital, no retreat but the station-house or the penitentiary—conceived the idea of establishing an asylum especially for those who were unable to resist the temptation of the wine cup. Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, whose recent death in France has been so widely deplored, was prominently connected with this benevolent movement, and was elected President of the Board of Trustees. He has left a handsome legacy to the institution.

The novelty of the plan at once aroused public attention, and while many of our reflective men, philanthropists, jurists, clergymen and other public men, gave it their unqualified approval, there were not a few who deemed the measure ill-advised. But the effort was successful. A board of trustees was at length formed, and measures taken at once to put into immediate execution the benevolent scheme. This board, composed of gentlemen in different parts of the state, decided to establish the proposed asylum at Binghamton, a domain of about 250 acres having been generously given them for the purpose by the citizens of that town.

The site is highly advantageous, both because of its natural advantages and because it is in the centre of the state, near a leading railway, and yet free from the influences of a large city, so peculiarly injurious to an institution of this character. The hospital grounds command a fine view of the Susquehanna and Chemung valleys, and as every one who has travelled on the Erie railroad will remember, the scenery in the vicinity can scarcely be surpassed for quiet beauty.

The preliminary arrangements having been made, on the 24th day of last September took place the laying of the cornerstone of the first Inebriate Asylum in the world. The stone was laid according to the Freemason ceremonies by Mr. John G. Lewis, Grand Master, whose accompanying remarks were followed by addresses by Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, Dr. John W. Francis, Rev. Henry H. Bellows, Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson and Hon. Edward Everett. An original poem was also delivered by Alfred B. Street.

There may be some of our readers who are not yet convinced of the expediency of the establishment of such an institution, and of the good results to be expected. These should bear in mind, that many cases of insanity are the result of inebriety, and that if the unfortunate victim of this habit could find a retreat where his appetite for drink would be controlled in its earlier stages, he might be able to return to a life of usefulness and activity, instead of becoming the inmate of an insane asylum. Many cases, known to those who have taken special interest in the matter, forcibly illustrate the want of an institution where the morbid inclination can be medically dealt with, kept under, and finally cured. One case ending in death happened last year. A gentleman, an estimable private citizen and a leading journalist, was a few years since attacked with a disease for which his physician recommended stimulants—the quantity to be regulated by the severity of the attack. The result of the prescription was, that the man became diseased by alcohol, lost self-control, and died of delirium tremens. Three months before his death he told a friend that he had lost self-control and should die; "But," said he, "if the Inebriate Asylum was in existence, I would go to it as a patient and live again." Another case might be mentioned of

a gentleman whose reputation was as wide as the commerce of the nation, and whose commercial statistics will be consulted for years to come. He possessed a mind far above mediocrity, and an energy and industry that overcame all difficulties in business—yet, he could not control himself. This malady was with him a disease, and as much beyond his control as insanity. No pride of character could restrain him—no social endearments could check him—no promise, no vow, however sacred, could keep him from gratifying his diseased appetite. Many a time has he shed bitter tears over this his calamity—has wept, drunk and died.

In any interesting pamphlet recently issued by the Board of Trustees, containing a full account of all that has been done in regard to the Inebriate Asylum, we find the following sensible remarks referring to insanity viewed as a disease, incorporated in a letter addressed to Governor Morgan by Dr. J. E. Turner, urging the propriety of an appropriation for the Asylum:

"It matters not how this disease may have been induced—whether by stimulants prescribed for sickness, or by the encouragement of parents; by the influence of social friends, or gay associates; whether under extenuating circumstances, or in full of the terrible penalty which this malady inflicts on its victim—the state is equally bound to protect society against such outrages. The innocent and the virtuous should not be exposed to the insane man, let the cause of his insanity be what it may. He should be taken to an asylum to be controlled and treated according to his disease. All the laws and penalties which a state can enact against crime committed by the inebriate will never prevent him while at large, from committing murder, arson and theft, or from taking his own life. The experience we have had upon this subject during the past year alone, is enough to convince every enlightened mind that such a policy endangers the life of every citizen, and places in the hands of the insane man the flaming torch of the incendiary. The true policy of a government is to prevent crime rather than to punish it. Why, then, should our state allow its citizens to go at large when they have lost self-control, and when experience shows that it is not compatible with private and public safety for them to remain at liberty? Does the state bring to life the murdered family, by simply going through the accustomed forms of judicial procedure, in order to punish the man for what he can scarcely be held responsible, or place him as a criminal at the bar, when his testimony would not be received in the witness-box, or fixed too late that he really is a maniac, and send him at last to an asylum as a criminal? The only true and enlightened policy, then, which experience points out and judgment dictates, is for the state to provide an asylum for this class of our insane. Every enlightened citizen of our country will approve of such a policy, and long will be remembered the administration which has through its wisdom provided an asylum where the inebriate can be controlled and treated; and in which his malady can be cured—a malady which is a disease in individuals, a curse to families, a plague to communities, and a destruction to races."

Now that the State Senate has passed the appropriation bill for the benefit of the proposed asylum, we may deem the institution a permanent success. And among the many beautiful features and ornaments of the Empire State, the noble Gothic building on the hill-side of the Susquehanna valley, in years to come, be pointed out as the first Inebriate Asylum—it will not be the only one—in the world.—N. Y. Evening Post.

POSTMASTER BROWN'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT.—At about eleven o'clock P. M. on Monday, the President called to see the Postmaster-General, and the last interview between these two high officers of the government was quite touching. As Mr. Buchanan was about to leave the room, which he had quietly entered, and from which he was noisily departing, Mrs. Brown remarked to her husband, that the President had called to inquire into the condition of his health. He quickly answered that he would be glad to see him—hearing which, Mr. Buchanan returned to his bedside. Mr. Brown remarked, "Mr. Buchanan, I have endeavored faithfully to discharge all my public duties." To which the President replied that his efforts had been successful, and that the whole country would attest to his fidelity as a public officer and the success that had attended his administration of the department; and, while commiserating his suffering condition, expressed a hope for his restoration to health. Mr. Brown seemed conscious that the time for hope had passed, and with evident feeling, having thanked the President for the uniform kindness which he had extended to him and his family, bade him adieu.

In a few hours he was no more.—Washington Intelligencer, March 9.

An interesting fact concerning Franklin, Mass., is that there now exists in the town the identical library that Dr. Franklin gave to it for adopting his name. He was asked to give a bell for the meeting-house; he preferred to give a library, as a bell had more sound than sense. Most of the hundred or two books he gave are still preserved, and they are among the best standard books in the English language.

A good story is told of a lady who dined at the President's the other day, and was seated at the table between a certain Representative from Tennessee, and the Hon. Mr. Rufin, of North Carolina. "How are you getting on, my dear madame?" "Well as could be expected, with a Savage on one side, and a Ruffian on the other," was the instant response.

The best of all enjoyments in this state of being, is a clear conscience.

Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune.
WEDDING ON BOARD A MAN OF WAR.

U. S. SHIP SARATOGA,
VERA CRUZ, Feb. (1.)

Fêtes, fleet dinners, theatricals, balls, parties, and receptions, I have often seen on board national ships, and they are generally strikingly beautiful, from the very oddity of the thing, and the unusual combination of flags, cannon, uniform, &c., which all contribute to the brilliancy of a military spectacle, above any simple civic event, however beautifully got up and arranged, under the most favorable circumstances, on shore;—but I have never seen a wedding on board ship until a few days since, on board this ship, and certainly a more imposing pageant in its every stage and aspect I never witnessed.

A merchant in Vera Cruz, Mr. Dewhurst, and the father of an American lady, Mr. Markoe, also an American merchant, and resident of this city, solicited permission from Captain Turner, commanding the Saratoga, to solemnize the nuptials of Mr. Dewhurst and Miss Markoe, under the American flag, on board the Saratoga.

The captain readily gave his consent and upon communicating the application of the parties to his officers, they determined, in common concert, to make the occasion a handsome one. The flags of the different nations, whose representatives were to be present, were intertwined with each other in the most conspicuous places forward and aft; the mainmast, the mizen mast and the capstan were wrapped in a Joseph's coat of brilliant, variegated colors; the sides were curtained by flags gracefully draped and festooned to the deck, while the polished surface of six sixty-eight shell guns protruded their heavy breeches some few feet upon the deck, reflecting almost like a mirror the coruscations of arms and tinsel of uniforms and burnished blades paraded on the quarter deck of a ship of war.

An arras ceiling, made of different ensigns and flags, was fitted to the under surface of the awnings above, somewhat arabesque, in its effect, so that above, forward and aft and on either side, it was one display of pennons of brilliant colors, softened, yet heightened, by the rays of the sun which descended upon it, and which gave to the whole a mellow twilight shade, most becoming to the picture at large, and not unlike the effect that is produced by looking through stained glass.

The officers of the chaplain of the English frigate Tartar had been secured for the occasion, and Capt. Danlop kindly volunteered his aid.

At half past three the boats of the whole fleet, English, French and Spanish, began to arrive with large parties of officers. As the commanding officers came over the side they were received with a full guard, the bands at the same time playing their respective national airs, and all the guests being conducted immediately to the poop as they passed over the side, constituting, I should think, a group of at least 50 officers in full uniform.

Everything being ready and the hour at hand, the crew, neatly dressed for the occasion were called to muster. They took up the entire port side of the quarter deck. The marine guard was drawn up just abaft the mainmast, entirely across the deck from side to side.

The foreign officers were invited to descend from the poop to the quarter deck, and the captain repaired to the cabin to announce to the bride and groom that their presence was necessary to proceed with the ceremony. A wide passage was made through the throng of officers to permit them to pass, through which they advanced, accompanied only by the captain, who had been requested by the father to give the bride away. As they reached the open space allotted to the ceremony, immediately in front of the company and abaft the marine guard, the guard presented arms and remained at a present during the entire service, which was most touchingly and impressively read by the English chaplain.

As soon as it was over, the captain requested the English commanding officer to escort the bride to her chair of reception on the poop, and then turning to the crew he said "Give her three hearty cheers, my boys!" and such a shout went up at once from our gallant tars as made the "welkin ring again," and every one felt that it came from their very hearts. At the same moment the first lieutenant fired a salvo of cannon by divisions, and the band played "Hail Columbia."

The crowd of officers again repaired to the poop to offer their congratulations, and then to the festive board to quaff in bumpers full to the long and happy life of groom and bride. The afternoon passed away in one continued scene of revelry and merriment, champagne and wine flowing like water, whilst the crew spliced the main brace at the bulls' (grog tub.)

The evident delight and gratification of every one at the novelty and beauty of the scene were conspicuous, and what gratified us most was the constant remark from our visitors, "In what beautiful order you have this ship, above and below."

At sunset the flags were removed and the awnings furled, and once more we felt ourselves on the decks of an armed ship.

A boat was armed about dusk to convey the bridal party to the city. The crowd of officers feasting below were requested to re-assemble on the poop, the men were ordered to lay aloft; a brilliant full moon was shining, and as the boat shoved off from the ship's side, three deafening cheers were given by every soul on board, whilst at the same moment blue lights flashed from the fore-castle, gangways and poop, enveloping the ship in one brilliant spectral blaze, which made her look for the moment a thing "less of earth than heaven." Thus passed this gala day, for gala day it was.

SOMETHING OF MR. BEECHER CONCERNING PULPITS.

The Star Paper, last week, is nominally upon organs in churches, but really upon pulpits. Here is a picture of a modern pulpit.

"As to the pulpit, but one thing is usually considered necessary, and that is, that it should be so constructed as to take away from the speaker, as far as it can be done, every chance of exerting any influence upon those whom he addresses. Therefore the pulpit is ribbed up at the sides, set back against the wall, where it looks like a barn swallow's nest plastered on some beam. In this way the minister is as much as possible kept out of the way of the people; and all that is left is his voice. Posture, full gesture, motion, and that most effective of all gestures, the full form of an earnest man, from head to foot, right before the people; advance or retreat; in short, the whole advantage which the body gives when thrown into argument or persuasion, are lost without any equivalent.

In this sacred mahogany tub or rectangular box, the man learns every kind of hidden awkwardness. He stands on one leg and crooks the other like a slumbering horse at a hitching post; he leans now on one side of the cushion, or lolls on the other side. And when a man, thoroughly trained by one of these dungeon pulpits to regard his legs and feet as superfluous, except in some awkward and uncouth way to clutch him up to the level of his cushion and paper, is brought out upon an open platform, it is amusing to watch the inconvenience to him of having legs at all, and his various experiments and blushing considerations of what he shall do with them.

Is it any wonder that so little is done by preaching, when, in a great church, with a small congregation, so scattered that no two touch each other, and the bust of a man, peering above a bulwark, reads a stale manuscript to people, the nearest of whom is not less than twenty-five feet from him?

The wonder is that any thing is ever done. Daniel Webster is reported to have said, that no lawyer would risk his reputation before a jury if he had to speak from a pulpit, and that he considers the surviving of Christianity in spite of pulpits as one of the evidences of its divinity. We do not vouch for the truth of this as an anecdote, but we endorse it as a truth in philosophy.

A DELICIOUS BURNER.—The following capital joke we clip from the Cincinnati Enquirer. At the Spencer House, Cincinnati, the other day, a young man who had made an appointment to meet his sister, whom he had not seen for two years, concealed himself in the hall, hoping to surprise her as she came forth from her room. A few minutes elapsed when he saw a plump little body emerge from the room; so extending his arms, he clasped the beautiful figure and bending down, he imprinted three or four cordial kisses on one of the most delicious of mouths, asking, "Don't you know your brother, you little rogue?"

The "little rogue" looked blank with amazement, and then, muttering something very sweet, but not intelligible, slipped out of his half-enveloping arms, and retreated in the direction she had come.

The brother found he had made a mistake, and upon inquiry learned that he had kissed the charming